

Felina's scrawls: Home

On one of her travels through the woods searching for skins, Concia Estron, master leatherworker in Mawic, met the elf Androstan Moonsinger. Nine months later I was there. As only child I grew up in the town with my mother. In her shop she taught me how to work the leathers. She made good money and maybe I am a little spoiled.

Most of my friends were not so lucky and I helped them "find" money or food at the market. Rest of the spare time we played hide and seek or other games in the same area. Apparently our activities did not go unnoticed and Ongenwald contacted me. He convinced my mother I had to attain the lessons in his private school. Here I have to say Ongenwald was the local thief's guild master and I do not think my mother knew what lessons I had exactly.

It turned out I had a feeling for the art. Therefore Patrick, the mage of the guild, gave some of the lessons. In Mawic, and the neighbouring towns I know, magic is forbidden so we had to be very careful. The punishment for most crimes (such as using magic) in this area is a duel in the arena. Most of us see it as execution.

At the end of one of the lessons, which took at least seven hours, a small black kitten came walking to me. I felt a special connection with her and from then on we go together everywhere. I call her Robin. She likes to hide herself in the hood of my cloak most of the time.

Other lessons were given in Halferds pawnshop. We made a sport out of predicting the amount of money the customer got for an item, the present value, the original value and the resell value.

Life in Mawic is good. It is a small town of 20.000-odd people. There are a lot of taverns in which bards are playing. I love to be there. I like to dance and sing. Maybe that is because of my elven part. And there is the luxury in this town. Everything can be bought. If you have the money.

The merchant guilds are battling the thieves fiercely, but we can co-operate with a lot of other guilds. The law is strict.

Sometimes I take the ferry to Waagwick. It is a two-day trip to the coast. It is a decent way of transport and it is nice to walk the beach and visit the harbour inns.

Much better then the annual trips to the woods with my mother to visit my father. I mean, a city can be dangerous with assassins lurking in dark alleys. But it is predictable. In a forest you never know where or why some vermin, predator, critter, or sorry excuse of a humanoid attacks you. And these are the things you can avoid. The travel itself... not. You have to walk for hours to get to the elves. The humidity. The insects. The thorns. Countless things I can name which are discomforting over there.

I could not understand why my mother sold her shop to move to the forest. Well, to live with my father; that part I understand, but still, why live in the forest.

Needless to say I stayed behind. I took my quarters in the guild house and continued my lessons. According to my teachers I am best in cat-burglary and the art of not being seen. Because of these specialities and my bond with Robin I call myself Felina. It might be because of my gracious movements as well ☺.

The robbing of people on the streets is below my standing. I do appreciate burglaries more. Partly for the excitement and partly for the money I need for my slightly expensive taste. The victims I carefully select and they are evil greedy bastards mostly. And I do not do this only for financing my own expenses but I try to help those who need it as well.

I do not have the physical strength or the mind set to be a worrier, so I do prefer to avoid a fight. But, if cornered or hard pressed, I can become nasty.

Than it happened one day. Another apprentice of Patrick, Dopie, got himself caught for using magic. Of course the guards were interrogating him and I could not trust him to keep his secrets. Secrets like me being a practitioner of the art as well. I do not fear for Patrick or Ongenwald. They know their ways. I fear for myself. I may be the next easy target and next Saturday's event in the arena.

Too bad I cannot stay here. I like it here. Fortunately Patrick told me about a secret portal. It probably is a one way door to another world. He did not have the guts to try it so I am uncertain where I will appear. Hopefully the world at the other side of the portal is comparable to this one.....